THE CLASSMATE

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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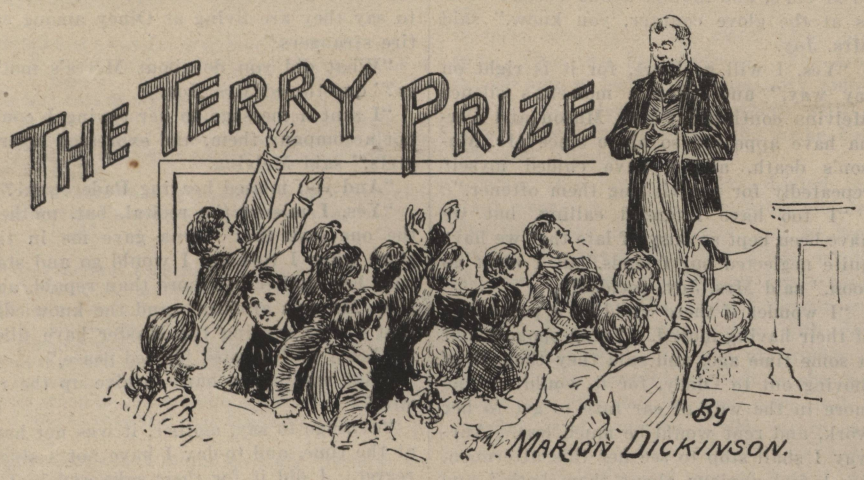

CHAPTER I.—THE OFFER.

AN irrepressible ripple of applause broke out as Jack Trescott turned to descend from the platform. Always excelling in oratorical work, this day he had outdone himself. Perhaps the presence of Mr. Terry, the big man of the town, had something to do with it, for Jack responded readily to outside stimulus. He looked down upon the crowded settees, reading only good will and hearty admiration in the faces of the pupils of the Bellhaven High School. An answering smile brightened his face, and with a merry twinkle in his eye he placed his hand upon his heart and bowed again, with a debonair grace that renewed the applause.

Mr. Armstrong's mouth twitched with *amusement, but he rapped sharply for silence.*

"We will now listen to an essay on 'Heroes,' by Miss Marietta Johnson," he announced, resuming his seat by the side of the guest.

Mr. Terry turned amiable spectacles upon the tremulous young lady who responded to the summons. Soon losing interest in her heroic enthusiasms, however, he sat, with arms folded across his expansive waistcoat, absorbed in what must have been a pleasant reverie, to judge from the placid satisfaction in his round face. Finally, with an emphatic nod, he hitched his chair nearer to that of the principal, and leaned confidentially toward him.

"I would like to say a few words to the school at the end of the exercises," he said, with an air of importance.

"Certainly," assented Mr. Armstrong, forcing an appearance of cordiality which he did not feel. Visitors were fond of addressing the school in a "few words," which were apt to delay the close of the session for fifteen minutes. He thought he knew the substance of Mr. Terry's speech in advance.

"This closes our exercises for to-day," he said, when the blushing Marietta had sunk into her seat. "Before I dismiss you, however, our guest, Mr. Terry, wishes to say a few words."

Bellhaven's big man advanced to the edge of the platform with his best manner.

"My dear young friends," he began, "it gives me great pleasure—ha hum—to be with you to-day, to look into your bright faces—ha hum—and to listen to your excellent speaking and, er—" as his eye caught Marietta's— "thoughtful essays. I only wonder that I haven't given myself the pleasure oftener. It is a great satisfaction—ha hum—to feel that the next generation is being so carefully trained"—with a ponderous bow to Mr. Armstrong, who was nervously shifting in his chair—"to step into our shoes when we are dead and gone."

His voice had taken a pathetic tone; but, as his glance fell upon Tom Merwin, who was speculatively eyeing his shoes with regard to the possibility of filling them, the pathos was instantly abandoned, and he nervously hurried on to the point he had in view.

"As I sat and listened to these young men—ha hum—it came to me, as a pleasant suggestion, why not establish prize speaking—ha hum—on the plan pursued in colleges?"

The attention of his audience, which had begun to wane, was instantly fixed. Mr. Terry visibly expanded under its stimulus. Throwing his shoulders back, he spread his fingers stiffly, touching them tip to tip. It was his most genial gesture.

"It is my purpose—ha hum—to offer a prize for the best oration—to be competed for upon Washington's Birthday."

He paused impressively. A rustle of surprise crept through the room; it was sweet music in his ears. Had he dreamed of the dismay and disapprobation beneath Mr. Armstrong's quiet exterior, however, his satisfaction would have received a check.

"I mean the Terry prize to be an established thing," he said, genially, "and I have chosen that holiday for the competition—ha hum—because of my admiration for that great man, the father of our country. I am aware that this year the time for preparation will be short—ha hum—but, after what I have heard to-day I feel sure—er—that it will be sufficient. The prize that I am about to offer is"—he hesitated, with a smaller sum upon his lips; but, moved to do this thing handsomely, he concluded—"one hundred dollars!"

A cheer broke out, for deeds of public generosity on the part of the inhabitants of Bellhaven were rare. Mr. Armstrong made no attempt to check the enthusiasm, being absorbed in making such acknowledgment of Mr. Terry's offer as truth would allow. That the competition was contrary to his convictions of what was for the best good of the school; that it would lead to neglect of other duties, party spirit, heartburning; that, had he been previously consulted, he must have vetoed the proposition—all these must be concealed in recognition of the good will that prompted the mistaken kindness. Certainly Mr. Terry, mopping his forehead with a bandanna and nodding his thanks for the applause, felt no lack in the reception accorded his gift.

"Nothing like a prize for stirring 'em up," he whispered, jocosely.

"It is a very handsome offer," said Mr. Armstrong, watching the pupils file out, impatient for outdoor freedom. "We have some excellent speakers, and it is by no means certain who will be the successful candidate." He was inwardly hoping that if a prize must be given, it would fall to young Trescott, to whom it would be of material aid in his preparation for college.

Mr. Terry struggled into his overcoat and looked about for his hat.

"I was fond of spouting myself, when I was a boy," he volunteered. "Perhaps if I hadn't stuck so closely to business—ha hum—I might have done something in politics. It wouldn't be strange—er—if this little affair would start some of these boys on

"SHE SHOT A SWIFT GLANCE AT GORDON BRUCE."

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As for the boys themselves, their ambitions did not tower so high. The prize itself filled the horizon of their thoughts. A knot of seniors gathered about the gate in hot discussion.

"Mighty short time for you fellows who cherish hopes," chuckled Tom Merwin. "Four weeks to get up an oration—phew!" And he drew his merry face into lines of mock distress. "Something original the old chap wants, I take it. Say, fellows, how would it do for me to orate on 'Washington, the Embodiment of Truth?'" thrusting one hand into his vest and striking a grandiloquent attitude.

"No chance for you, Thomas, my son," said big Jim Turner, dryly, "unless you can produce 'Romans, countrymen, and lovers' as 'a poor thing, but my own.'"

"Certainly, it belongs to him by right of possession," said Jack Trescott, as the group broke into a roar of laughter; for Tom had regularly given the speech of Brutus as his work in rhetoricals each year of his high school course. That Mr. Armstrong permitted it showed his appreciation of the fact that Tom was not fitted to shine in this particular branch of school work; that it argued, also, a keen sense of the ludicrous on the principal's part in no way detracted from his popularity with his pupils.

"You did yourself proud this morning, Jacky," said Tom, genially, slapping his friend on the shoulder. "Keep on in that way and I shall hear the ducats jingle in thy pocket."

"Nonsense!" but Jack flushed at this public voicing of his hopes. "There are plenty more who stand as good a chance as I. Here comes one now"—as a tall fellow, with a somewhat haughty bearing, came through the gate. "Hello, Bruce! Selected your subject yet?"

Gordon Bruce stopped and looked at him a trifle aggressively.

"What subject?" he asked, curtly.

"My, O my!" murmured Tom, covering his mouth with his hand, in mock deprecation.

"The subject of your oration, of course," answered Jim Turner, bluntly. "What else should we be talking about?" He eyed the newcomer coolly; for, being absolutely straightforward himself, he had a keen dislike of evasion.

"Isn't it a trifle early to discuss that?" Bruce said, loftily—"especially as I haven't decided whether it is worth while to compete."

"Of course you will," broke in Jack, to offset the eager hope in his heart that Gordon Bruce might not consider it "worth while." With a wealthy uncle for a guardian and property in his own right which would be at his disposal in two years, what need had Bruce of the hundred dollars, that would seem a fortune to him? For there was no question that, with Gordon Bruce out of the way, Jack's chance would be bright indeed.

"As I said, it is somewhat early to decide," was all the satisfaction he got. "Say, fellows, how's the sliding on Prime Hill?" Bruce went on, turning the subject, decidedly.

"First class!" cried Tom, with enthusiasm, forgetting his assumed humility. "I took a spin before school and went as far as the watering trough. The cold night, after yesterday's thaw, has iced the track. Coming out this afternoon?"

There was the sound of merry voices behind them, and Rose Graham, arm in arm with Stella Darrow, came through the gate.

"You are just in time," and Jack doffed his hat as he stepped up to them. "My ripper is at your service, ladies, if you are inclined to grace the sport on Prime Hill this afternoon."

The pretty color brightened in Rose Graham's cheeks.

"Thank you," she said, cordially. "I, for one, shall be delighted to accept your invitation."

"And I," echoed Stella, though she shot a swift glance at Gordon Bruce through her long lashes. There were rumors that he was the owner of a fine new ripper, with cushioned board and the latest improvement in steering apparatus; and, having a decided opinion that the best was none too good for Stella Darrow, she half hoped that he might interfere.

That young man, however, was looking at them with a fine assumption of indifference.

"Yes," he said to Tom, as if nothing had intervened, "I shall be there, but I doubt if I bring out the ripper to-day. It is hardly safe on an icy hill."

"O, if it isn't safe," began Stella, doubtfully; but Rose gave her arm a pinch and her objections died away.

"Come as early as you can," begged Jack, "for it grows very cold at sunset. Bring two more girls with you, if you can. 'The more the merrier.'"

"Why did you pinch me?" complained Stella, as the girls gained a safe distance. "I'm sure I have no desire for an accident."

"Nonsense," Rose responded, with vigor. "You were not looking at Gordon Bruce when Jack invited us, or you would have

understood. He had intended inviting us himself, and my lord's nose was out of joint. You can trust Jack Trescott. This is only Gordon Bruce's second winter in Bellhaven. How should he know as much about our hills as Jack, who has lived here all his days? Gordon Bruce is a queer fellow—I can't understand him; but he seems to have an especial spite against Jack."

And, indeed, Bruce's heart at that moment was filled with bitter thoughts against his rival. Since his coming to Bellhaven, secure in previous records of scholarship and an easily won ascendency among his fellows, Jack Trescott had proved a surprising obstacle in his path. It galled his proud spirit, and a jealous dislike was growing apace.

"One thing is sure, my young man," he muttered, as his eyes followed Jack Trescott, "you'll have a hard struggle for that prize!"

(To be continued.)

About Names.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. NORTON, PH.D.

"TEACHER says that we must write out for her a list of as many funny names of people as we know about," was the statement of the twelve-year-old school miss in our family the other day. Here is a partial list of the names that she made out from the family's range of personal knowledge and acquaintanceship: Clarissa Florilla Bartlett Doe Pickering, my mother's girlhood companion, called "Classie" for short; Mr. A. Sauerherring, Zero Marx, Mr. Kettlestrings, Mr. Bluepants, Orange Lemon, Grove Lane, John Guntlefinger, and Cutie Gunnydingle, a couple who, in spite of their names, were happily married. None of the above would take the slightest offense at seeing their names in print, else we would not record them, for nothing is more unkind than to ridicule a person on account of his name unless it be to ridicule him because of any oddity in face or dress.

There are two ways of changing one's name besides the way of changing from Miss to Mrs. open only to young ladies. One way is by law. If one's name is very bad, or in any way undesirable, by the payment of quite a sum of money and by going through certain legal forms the name can be changed, only so the same initials are kept. Thus Mr. Michael Patsauer, a friend of ours, had his name changed to Michael Peabody, which satisfied him much better. But there is another and a more important way, and that is by having your name represent so much that is good and beautiful that when it is pronounced all of these pleasing ideas will be suggested. When the Bible says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," it doesn't mean by a good name simply one that is musical or pleasing to look at, but rather a name that stands for good deeds and a righteous character. The well-known saying of Shakespeare, "A rose would smell as sweet by any other name," explains this idea. When we speak the word "rose" we think of beauty and sweet perfumes. It isn't the name itself, but what the name stands for. Oxford, England, was at first the only place where the oxen forded the stream, and Cambridge was only the bridge over the Cam, but now when we speak these words, Oxford and Cambridge, we don't think of rivers and cattle, but we think of great universities, of great libraries, and of learned men. The name Jones is considered a very common one, and perhaps some boy or girl of that name has wished that there weren't so many in that numerous family, or at least that they weren't in it, but who wouldn't be proud to be called a direct descendant of that splendid naval hero Paul Jones? Be yourself true and kind and heroic, and your name, however common or even odd it may appear to you or to strangers, will sound noble to all who know what you are.

Wicked people make use of many names that have acquired a pleasant sound because they represent places or qualities that are agreeable, and have tried by this means to deceive all they could into thinking that sin, instead of being something to dread and to shun, is really very much to be desired. Because a parlor or a reception room is a pleasant place to be in, men have called a drinking place by a word that means a kind of an elegant parlor, namely, a saloon. Just as though a place for buying and selling such poisonous mixtures could be a desirable and an inviting place to spend your leisure in! Because the name palace suggests wealth, beauty, and royalty some one deceptively calls his particular saloon "The Palace." In one place I know of a saloon-keeper has placed a correct sign over his entrance, though he probably intended it as a joke. On the north side of Sunnyside Avenue, in one of our Western cities, is a beautiful stone church. On the south side of the avenue, though not directly across, is a saloon. The sign over the door is, "Shady-side Saloon." The man who painted that sign told the whole story. It is the church that stands for the bright things in life, and the saloon that stands for the dark things. Would that all saloon-keepers were equally honest in their use of names!

Another way in which men who love money more than they love honor and purity attempt by attractive names to deceive young people in regard to the real nature of wrongdoing is in many kinds of weekly and monthly storypapers which they send into every city and village in the country. Attractive names, as *Golden Hours, Sunny Days, The Boys' Friend*, would make one think that these papers were full of pure and bright stories, and of useful information that would make a boy or girl strong for the battle of life, but, on the contrary, they are full of that which is false and degrading. Beware of these papers, and beware of all sins that are trying to look beautiful by dressing themselves up in attractive names that have been made so because they have stood for things really good and pure.

A Wholesome Rhyme.

ONE day at a time—but a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say,
That according to each shall be our strength.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme—
A good one to live by:
A day at a time.
—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Melvina Joy's Serving.

BY FRANK E. GRAEFF.

"THERE, mother, isn't it lovely?" said Melvina Joy, as she finished taking out the last basting, and held up for her mother's inspection and certain approval, the filmy white dress upon which she had bestowed days of labor and exacting care.

"It is pretty, and I am sure will repay you for all your labor," said her mother, and then added, "You are all ready now, are you not?"

"Yes, everything's ready, unless I look over my evening hat in the morning, and my gloves, but you know I will get them to-morrow afternoon on my way over to Merta's. It is a satisfaction to have such a nice dress for the occasion, and then, besides, it is gratifying to know I made it myself."

"It is not often that you have the opportunity of enjoying the treat that will be yours to-morrow, and it was exceedingly kind of Mrs. Lansing to include you in her list of guests," said Melvina's mother.

"Do you know, mother, I have just been more anxious for to-morrow to come than I can possibly explain, for I have always wanted to hear Paderewski, and you know we never have felt that we could spare the money, for there are always so many necessary places for it."

"Yes, I know, Melvina, and it gives me as much pleasure to know you are going as it is to you," replied her mother, fondly.

Melvina and her mother were confidantes and mutual admirers of each other. They shared all life's experiences generously, so there was a lessening of its sorrows and an increasing of its joys.

Merta Lansing's mother—Merta and Melvina were the closest of friends—had invited Melvina to accompany them to the closing musicale recital by the popular musician, and Melvina, herself a teacher of music, was not loath to accept the invitation and the opportunity it afforded.

The next morning as Melvina opened her Bible to read she turned to the text of Dr. Danbury's last Sunday morning sermon and read again, "Who loved me and gave himself for me." Then all the principal points of the sermon came back to her, two of which appealed most strongly to her heart, namely, "Christ's love and sacrifice for the individual," and "the sacrifice of self."

"Well, there isn't much use of living if one can't be of help to some one. Of course, it does mean sacrifice and denial to-day as then, and we would be selfish indeed should we be unwilling to give up for His sake, or to give to others only that which costs us nothing," she mused. Then she continued half aloud, as she raised her eyes from her Bible in her lap, "Dear Jesus, I am willing to do for thy sake."

Then her head bowed silently and her heart beat out its prayer while his peace filled her soul, and she knew her willingly offered service was accepted.

"Mother," she said, a little later in the morning, looking up from her hat, upon which she was deftly rearranging the trimming, "I have missed Verna Mason from the church services and from Sunday school for over two weeks, and I feel concerned."

"Couldn't you go to James & Long's, instead of to Bright & Day's, and make your purchases this afternoon on your way over to Merta's, and inquire about Verna? She is at the glove counter, you know," said Mrs. Joy.

"Yes, I will go there, for it is right on my way," and after a moment's silence Melvina continued, "Mrs. Mason and Verna have appeared so alone since Mr. Mason's death, and I have chided myself repeatedly for not visiting them oftener."

"I too have intended calling, but we have been kept so busy of late that we have quite neglected our friends, but I *must* go soon," said Mrs. Joy, decidedly.

"I wonder if there could be a possibility of their having moved. Verna spoke about it some time ago, and said they thought of moving out to Olney, for it would cost no more in the way of car fare to get to her work, and rent would be much less. Anyway I shall stop to see her this afternoon, for I feel anxious about them both," and Melvina felt more at ease as she came to the decision.

"There! the last thing is done now in the way of fixing over and making new!" and she held the recreation of a hat at arm's length and eyed it critically, and then tried it on before the glass, and, with a satisfied "You look just as good as new," removed it from her head and gathered up her sewing basket, well pleased with her work.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when she emerged from her room with her dresscase packed all ready to go.

"Good-bye, mother! You won't be afraid to stay alone to-night, will you?"

"'What time I am afraid I will trust in the Lord,'" replied Mrs. Joy, and kissed her good-bye, and, as she left her at the door, said, tenderly, "Have a good time, and I shall not expect you until to-morrow afternoon."

"I am sure I shall have a good time, and the very thought of hearing Paderewski fills me with joyous anticipation. Good-bye, mother." And she tripped lightly down the steps and hurried to catch the car as it neared the corner of the intersecting street.

It was nearly two o'clock the next afternoon when Melvina greeted her mother cheerfully as she sank wearily into a chair.

"Society occasions are a little too exacting and somewhat out of our range, and it is well for us that we are not frequent participants," said Mrs. Joy," as she noted Melvina's tired look, and then asked, "Did you enjoy the recital as much as you thought you would?"

"I did not go—"

"Did not go!" exclaimed her mother, aghast. "Why—why—did you not go?"

"Sit down, mother, and I will explain fully after I get off my wraps," said Melvina, as she removed her hat and coat and gloves, and then seated herself beside her astonished and silent mother.

"I went to see Verna and buy my gloves, and found her in great distress. She had made some slight error in one of her sales-checks, and the department manager had reproved her very severely and openly before the customers, and as there was quite a rush of trade, and each person desiring to purchase at the same time, she became somewhat confused, and made a mistake in getting two ladies' purchases mixed. I arrived just as one of the purchasers, who had received a pair of black gloves instead of the pearl-colored ones she had bought, said, unfeelingly and haughtily, 'I shall report you to the department manager for incompetency.' This, added to what had already occurred, had the effect of bringing the hot tears to the overtired girl's eyes."

"How inconsiderate and unfeeling some women are!" broke in Mrs. Joy, disapprovingly.

"Well, I moved up at that time and asked for gloves, and while Verna was getting my size she said to me, 'I don't know what I shall do, for I am heart-sick and worried about mother. I had to leave her suffering dreadfully this morning expecting to be able to get off for the day and take care of her. But one of the other girls at this counter did not come in, so I was told I could not be spared, and that to-night I should have to stay until ten o'clock, owing to the rush of holiday trade. I hardly know what I am doing half of the time, and mother is alone and needs me so much. I would quit and go home, but I *must* work, you know,' she said, desperately."

"And you went to take care of her mother!" said Mrs. Joy, as she took Melvina's hand.

"Yes, mother, I went and stayed until noon to-day. Mrs. Mason was very ill indeed, and without a physician when I reached their home. She was threatened with pneumonia, but was considerably better when I left them to-day. O! I forgot to say they are living at Olney among entire strangers."

"What did you do about Merta's mother?" questioned Mrs. Joy.

"I sent a message to her saying I could not accompany them, and expressed my regrets," said Melvina.

"And you missed hearing Paderewski?"

"Yes, I missed the recital, but, mother, the one look that Verna gave me in the store when I told her I would go and stay with her mother has more than repaid, and Mrs. Mason's gratitude and the knowledge that I was serving the Master have filled my heart with a most blessed peace."

"But was it not hard to give up the recital?"

"Strange to say, mother, it was not hard at the time, and to-day I have not a single regret. I did it for their sake and in His name, and no recital could ever give to me the heart experience I have to-day.

"'And if I may
I'll serve another day.'"

A Great Boy's Class.

A SUNDAY school class which is attracting a good deal of attention in Rochester, N. Y., is Class No. 1 of Monroe Avenue school. The teacher is Mr. Edward Wheeler, a class leader and trustee of the church for many years. He has surrounded himself with an organization of sixty-six boys, between the ages of twelve and seventeen years. The class has also thirteen associate members and five honorary members, the latter being older persons who have rendered valuable service to the boys.

This class maintains a very high average attendance, due largely to the inspiration of the teacher, and to his indefatigable zeal in following up absentees. No Sunday comes again after an absence without a letter or visit from the teacher. A small circulating library of the very best books for boys is used by this class only. Instruction is given on Methodist, Church, and mission history. Especially is liberality in giving taught and practiced. The class contributed twenty dollars to the school funds last year, but its especial effort is to sustain the cause of missions. Two years ago the class gave thirty dollars to the Sunday school missionary offering, but during the year ending May 13 these boys and their teacher reported gifts for missions aggregating sixty-two dollars. A considerable number of the boys are members of the church, several having united during the revival of last winter. The following list of questions, printed on slips and made out by the boys each Sunday, will indicate how rational and helpful is the work which this remarkable teacher is doing, and in which the Holy Spirit is certainly using him to "hew out pillars for his temple:"

"Name, ——. Date, ——. 1. Attended Sabbath morning service? 2. Attended Sunday school? 3. Was in the class room before the doors closed for lesson study? 4. Remained until the school closed? 5. Behaved myself like a gentleman all through the Sunday school lesson? 6. Have read the chapter containing the Sunday school lesson? 7. Have read thirty other Bible verses during the week? 8. Have committed two verses to memory during the week? 9. Have repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed every day during the week? 10. Have not used profane or impure language during the week?"

Instruction in temperance and in the fundamentals of good citizenship is not neglected.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE divine wisdom has given us prayer not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them: not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it.—*Robertson.*

Naming the Sheep.

A VALLEY fair with a clear sky above it,
The sunshine shadowed by the hills around,
A quiet stream with a soft, dreamy murmur,
A distant hum the only other sound,
And sheep were feeding sweetly on the hillside,
The lambkins gamboling around in play,
Some near by standing, others idly straying,
Or resting in the quiet shadows lay.

"You know each one," I said unto the shepherd,
"And care for them not as a flock alone,
But singly. You cannot of course name them,
And yet they to you have familiar grown.
'Tis said in Eastern lands the shepherd calls them;
They know his voice, each has a given name,
And so they follow. Have you never lured them,
Till each obedient to your bidding came?"

He looked away far deep into the shadows;
"I know that sometimes I have found a name
To suit one of my flock, it tells its story
Of what each is, either for good or blame;
And these names fit them closely as the fleeces
Their bodies do, though they can't understand.
Now Submit there is praised for her obedience,
Through lessons learned beneath my rod and hand.

"And see that one that's waiting on the others,
Well, she is Patience; once she would be first,
Though I'd to keep her back and sometimes smite her,
The dog was never on her at her worst;
And that one had an evil spirit in him,
He was so vicious in his crooked ways
That when at last he quiet grew and pleasant,
I was so thankful that I called him Praise.

"You see, sir, I might go right through the number,
Naming them for what they are or may have done.
Perhaps in their own duller way they feel it,
Although they cannot answer one by one;
And it may be so that our heavenly Shepherd
Will give us new names we can understand,
Though no one else may tell how well they fit us,
Who have been led and chastened by his hand."

—*Emma E. Hornibrook, in Onward.*

Mrs. Conger and the Empress.

IT was a great event in the life of Mrs. Conger, the wife of the United States minister at Peking, when she went with the wives of the six other foreign ambassadors into the "Forbidden City" to make a birthday call upon the empress dowager. Her majesty had asked them to come. They had never seen her before, and it is said that she had never seen a European woman before. How could they—mere mortals—look upon her, "the daughter of heaven!"

The following passages are from the letter which the American lady wrote to her sister after the event:

"At 10:30 mounted escorts, sent by the Yamen, went to each legation and escorted the ladies to the British legation, Lady MacDonald being doyenne. Each lady was in a sedan chair, having five chairbearers and two mounted maffoos. From the British legation we started at 11 o'clock for the Forbidden City to see the empress dowager. Can you see the picture? Seven chairs with five bearers and two mafoos each, and from fifty to sixty mounted Chinese escorts sent by the Yamen!

"When we reached the gate of the Forbidden City we had to leave our chairs, bearers, mafoos, escorts, all. Inside the gate were seven red upholstered chairs in a line, with six bearers each and many escorts on foot. We were taken to another gate, where, inside, we found a fine railroad coach, given by France. We entered this fine car, and many eunuchs, dressed in black, pushed and hauled us to another stopping place, where we were received by many officials, offered tea, etc. This railroad passed through a beautiful city, clean and imperial. After tea serving we were escorted to the palace. Our heavy garments were taken and we were ushered into the presence of the emperor and empress dowager. We stood according to rank and bowed. Our first interpreter presented each lady to Prince Ching, and he, in turn, presented us to the empress dowager. Then Lady MacDonald read a little speech in behalf of the ladies. The empress dowager responded through Prince Ching. Another bow on our part. Then each lady was escorted to the throne where she bowed and courtesied to the emperor, who reached out his hand to each. Then a bow and courtesy to the empress dowager. She reached out both hands and we stepped forward to her. She took both of ours, then placed upon the finger of each lady a beautiful heavy chased gold Chinese ring, set with a very large fine pearl.

"After thanking her we backed from the throne and took our places below as before. From here we were escorted by many, many, richly dressed, highly painted, decorated young Chinese women and Chinese officials to the banquet hall, where a large table was filled to overflowing with Chinese and European food. Prince Ching, Princess Ching, and five other princesses sat at the table with us. The empress dowager and Princess Ching were dressed in most exquisitely embroidered rich satins and silks, with large pearl decorations.

"They were not painted, and their hair was not extended to the extreme. The young princesses were beautifully and carefully dressed in rich, fine, embroidered satins, in bright colors. They had painted faces, hair extended and elaborately ornamented, and had long gold finger protectors. They were pictures. The empress dowager and all of her court have large feet. They are Manchurians. The binding of feet is losing its popularity among the highest classes. Everywhere with us were Chinese interpreters, who spoke English and French well.

"After this meal we were invited into other rooms and offered cigarettes and tea. The table was cleared away, and we were invited into the hall again. There sat the empress dowager, and we gathered about her as before. She seemed bright and happy. Her face was aglow with good will. There was no trace of cruelty to be seen. In simple expressions she welcomed us, but her actions were full of freedom and warmth. She arose and wished us well. She reached both hands toward each lady, and then to herself, and said, with much enthusiastic earnestness:

"'One family, all one family.'

"Everything she said was in Chinese. She presented to each lady the empress, the emperor's wife, who gave her hand to each. The empress is young and what is called a beautiful Chinese woman. She wore the decorations, paint, etc., of the young women.

"The empress dowager bade each lady good-bye, and then went to the theater. We soon followed with our large and beautiful escorts, and listened to and saw a Chinese theater at its very best. After about one hour's stay, interpreters explaining the plays and tea being served all the while, we were escorted back to the banquet hall and seated as before at a loaded table of much food. Again we were taken to other rooms and the tables cleared away. Once more we were permitted to see the empress dowager. She was very cordial and when tea was passed to us she stepped forward and tipped each cup of tea to her own lips. She took a sip, then lifted the cup on the other side to our lips and said again:

"'One family, all one family.'

"Here she presented us more beautiful gifts, all alike. After this wonderful dream day, so very unreal even to the seeming, we reached home at five o'clock. In these foreign countries Americans and English are almost, if not quite, one people. It is often, very often, said by the English, Americans and other foreign countries that English and Americans are all the same. Only think, China, after centuries and centuries of locked doors, has now opened them a little. No foreign woman ever saw the rulers of China before, and no Chinese ruler ever saw a foreign woman before. Think of this: English was the first language spoken to them by foreign women. English is the commercial language of China, and women took English into the Forbidden City and to the very throne of China, and gave it in an English woman's thought."

A Swiss Patriot.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

WHO has not heard the story of William Tell, the patriot? Our imaginations have pictured him—a tall, stalwart peasant, whose broad shoulders and massive limbs betokened unusual strength, whose rugged features glowed with manly courage, while his large eyes beamed with kindness and gentleness. And, as if our imagination had proved itself true to reality, just such a man as we had mentally pictured we saw portrayed in a monument of bronze erected to his memory by the good people of Altdorf, in Switzerland.

The little village of Altdorf (see cut, page 320), the former home of the patriot Tell, lies in a fertile valley just south of the Lake of the Four Cantons. Even in midsummer the snow mountains encircle it—those mountains which Tell so dearly loved, and which he was determined to wrest from the cruel grasp of the Austrians. In the midst of the town stands the monument,

TELL'S MONUMENT AT ALTDORF.

which was placed here only a few years ago. Around its base the market women chatter as they try to sell their wares to the tourists who have come to bow at the shrine of William Tell. The attitude of the brave archer and the protecting air of his arm as it is thrown around his son, fully exemplify all the tales which we read so long ago. Copies of this monument in bronze, silver, or plaster fill the windows of the neighboring shops, and there is scarcely a home in all Switzerland which does not contain in one form or another a representation of their beloved Tell. It is very annoying, even depressing, to read that by many noted authorities it is doubted whether such a man as Tell ever existed, and, O, horrors!—if he *did* exist, these learned brethren do not believe that he ever shot the apple off his child's head! We shut our eyes that we may not see these skeptical words, and dream of the man who came down from his mountain home to the shores of the beautiful blue lake and braved numberless dangers in order to relieve his poor and oppressed countrymen from the yoke of a tyrant. Rather will we say, in the words of the inscription under the monument:

"Erzählen wird mann von dem Schüzen Tell,
So lang die Berge steh'n auf ihrem Grunde."

The whole village of Altdorf is permeated with the memory of William Tell. The inn, a small house with a most hospitable hostess, bears a swinging sign on which the patriot himself, in most remarkable uniform, with long feathers drooping from his hat, is portrayed. It is said that in this very market place where the bronze statue now stands the tyrannical Gessler caused his hat to be placed on a pole in order that the people might salute it as they would himself. According to the story, William Tell refused to do homage to the hat, and, as a punishment was commanded to shoot the apple from his son's head. All this is supposed to have occurred about the middle of the fourteenth century. There is an old ballad, written before 1474, in which the tale is related, and since then numerous poets have sung of William Tell and his exploits. The greatest poem was the one written by Schiller. On Lake Lucerne there is a huge stone rising out of the water, and on it is inscribed a tribute to the great German poet, so aptly called "the Bard of Tell."

Altdorf is sufficiently Italian to be built with an abundance of stone. High walls shut out the passers-by from the pleasant gardens along the roadside. If one walks away from the railroad, whose trains are so loaded with the busy, bustling crowds of tourists, who leave the beauties of Lake Lucerne behind them and go down over the picturesque St. Gothard Pass, one will come after half an hour to a very small village on the summit of a hill. Climbing up a steep incline, one reaches a little chapel. There is a big log conveniently placed, and it is restful to sit down and look at the frescoes on the front and in the interior of the building. An inscription states that it was built on the precise spot where once stood the house in which William Tell was born and where he lived for some years. The pictures are full of life, and represent Tell in the midst of most hairbreadth escapes. There are occasional masses said here to this day for the repose of the good man's soul.

Sitting on this old log, the present seems to fade away, and we see a group of low, dark houses, and William Tell surrounded by his family. The word comes to him that Gessler has come to Uri, that he is even now in Altdorf, oppressing the widows and the fatherless, demanding money from the poor. Then Tell goes down the hill, full of wrath and pride; he refuses to pay homage to Gessler's hat, and is arrested. As he is being rowed across the lake a sudden and violent storm arises, and the boat is driven in near shore. In the confusion the prisoner leaps on the rock, shoots Gessler dead, and hastens away to raise his countrymen to fight for their mountain home.

It may be that this is tradition; perhaps Tell never lived at all; but, nevertheless, it is an inspiring tale, and one that warms the blood and makes us long to do brave deeds. His memory is kept green by the Swiss. They make pilgrimages to his home, and go up to Bürglen, his birthplace. They go in crowds to Tell's Chapel, on Lake Lucerne, erected on the spot from which the patriot shot Gessler. Once a year there is a long procession of boats which come from all parts of the lake, bearing men, women, and children who are going to hear mass in Tell's Chapel. Canton Uri is strongly Catholic. And all through the summer months thousands of Americans and English look with absorbing interest at the places which they believe have been touched by William Tell's foot. With them we go also, and are ready and glad to admire and exclaim with the others. Indeed the countrymen of Washington cannot fail to recognize a bond of interest with the Swiss.

EVERY promise is built upon four pillars: God's justice, which will not suffer him to deceive; his grace, which will not suffer him to forget; his truth, which will not suffer him to change; and his power, which makes him able to accomplish.—*Salter.*

THE CLASSMATE
A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D., Editor.

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Rally Day.

THE day is coming—in most schools is but a week off—when the Sunday school forces of the year will rally for a new campaign.

The important things for the success of the day are:

1. *The Roll Call.*—Every officer, teacher, and pupil present or accounted for.

2. *The Offering.*—Every self-supporting school giving something to the Sunday School Union to help new and needy schools to reach the point where they in time can support themselves and help others.

A Lesson from Baby.

A LITTLE innocent, white-robed figure all ready for bed. Her prayers had been said, and the good-night kisses had been given, when she suddenly remembered something, and, dropping on her knees again, she said, "Excuse me, God, for saying 'Amen,' but I forgot to say 'Thank you' for my beautiful doll."

I fear there are times when we, who are older, forget to say 'Thank you' to God. It is so natural for us to pray when in trouble, and to beseech him to grant us blessings and the desires of our hearts; but the "thank you" is too seldom on our lips.

Let us not say "Amen" until after the "Thank you."

A Picture.

OPPOSITE me as I write, on the wall of this patriotic Canadian home, hangs a threefold picture of Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Kitchener. Often in the last days I have found myself looking at it in mild republican wonder at the gorgeousness of its uniforms and decorations. Each hero looks out from an oval laurel wreath, wide enough to give space for the full display of scarlet coats, blue sashes, and gold braid and buttons, with a bewildering number of ribbons and medals and jeweled stars and crosses, while draped behind is a mighty stack of British flags and Union jacks. Underneath all, to the left, is printed, "British Heroes," and to the right, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

You will smile when I tell you of whom the picture reminds me. A day ago I should have smiled myself.

Yesterday our landlady's daughter was answering our inquiries as to an imposing, white-haired man who had stood near us for some minutes at the post office. Our curiosity amuses her greatly, and she is very good-humored about satisfying it.

"That's Mr. Dugald. He's a lawyer," and she branched out into the ramifications of his family, his son being so and so and his daughter having married such a one, winding up at last by saying, with a drop in her voice:

"Mr. Dugald used to drink. O, it was too bad! He used always to be under the influence of it. But he has not touched a drop now for a long, long time."

"How did he stop?" asked somebody.

"Well, Mr. McTavish helped him a great deal, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Dundas. They say there were a lot of them that came around him and kept working till they got him out of it. And he's been all right this long time. Mr. Dugald has."

I had bought a few screws of Mr. McTavish in his little hardware shop down on the main street. Mr. Dundas was the cashier at the bank who had changed my "American" money for me, and sat in front of me in church on Sundays. They were stout, middle-aged men, "going gray," as they say in Canada, and gone bald. If I had stopped to classify them at all I had set them down in my mind as hopelessly humdrum and commonplace.

How a few sentences, passed quickly over in the general talk, had sufficed to glorify them! And now as I look at the "British heroes," gorgeous in scarlet and gold, I think with a deepening reverence of three other quiet, hard-working men, with their shrewd, weather-beaten faces and brisk attention to business. They, too, are heroes. Of them, too, the story may be told that they gathered about a fallen comrade, fought off the enemy, and bore him out of the teeth of mortal danger to safety. Such a deed as theirs merits in the eyes of their Sovereign a splendor of decoration before which the medals of the greatest earthly generals sink into baubles and child's play.

Does it give you a throb at the heart, as it does me, to remember that the heroes in Christ are not a few scattered souls on unattainable heights of grandeur? Our commonest neighbor that brushes us on the path in the dusty round of everyday life may very well be one of them. Before my kindling gaze Great Britain's men of valor fade out of their laurel frames, and in their places comes crowding a great multitude such as no man can number, out of every tribe and kindred and people. These are they—"a noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid"—who are fighting the good fight and coming off more than conquerors the wide world over.

Let us look well at the picture, and may it quicken us with a new sense of our own possibilities. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." SALLY CAMPBELL.

To the Work.

THERE is much that may be done
While the glittering life-sands run;
If ye be but earnest-minded,
If ye go not weakly blinded
By gay fashion's heartless folly,
Or a selfish melancholy;
By a momentary pleasure,
Or a love of ease and leisure;
Lured not by flitting beauty
From the narrow path of duty;
Much there is that may be done
By an earnest-minded one.

"Ready Funds."

"I SUPPOSE you've heard that Seth Williams is dying. They say he ain't spoke to his brother for ten years and won't see him now."

This was the news brought by my aunt's morning caller. I had arrived at the farm the night before with the purpose of regaining health and getting acquainted with the aunt I had never seen. We had related the incidents of our lives up to date, but had not yet revealed to each other anything of our hidden life.

"Poor Seth!" sighed my aunt. "That's because he ain't had any ready funds to help him along."

"Why, Mrs. Boyden! He's the richest man in the place!" exclaimed old Mrs. Acken. "And he's too smart to tie up his money."

"Wish I could have got him to take some of my riches," continued my aunt. "I've been a long time gathering 'em together and laying 'em by. I keep 'em made out in checks so they'll be ready for use. I use this one common—'*Keep sweet and sunny.*' You ain't no idea what a valuable check that is. If Seth Williams had had it he couldn't have kept up that quarrel with his brother."

"Land! How queer you talk!" said Mrs. Acken. I resented the contempt in her tone. But my aunt only rocked and smiled.

"That check's queer as well as valuable. You use it constant and yet there ain't none of its value gone. It's when you forget to use it that you lose some of your riches. But it wouldn't be worth a cent if there wasn't a bigger one back of it. '*All the law is fulfilled in this one word, Thou shalt love, for God is love.*' That's too precious for common wear. I read the words of the little one to myself almost every minute of the day, but I feel the meaning of the big one all the time, and it's just wonderful."

Mrs. Acken twisted in her chair and did not know how to answer. My aunt was unembarrassed, and quietly finished.

"You know this country was made for people to govern themselves. But the makers told the people how they was to do it, and if they do it any other way they break the law and make ruin. Well, human folks was made to govern themselves with love, for God is love. And if they ain't loving they're breaking their law, and turning themselves topsy-turvy into meanness and bad minds."

Mrs. Acken stiffly arose.

"Well, it seems to me, Mrs. Boyden, that I'd leave preaching to lawful preachers," she said, with an ill-natured simper. "Ours is plenty able to do it for this place. Good morning. I hope you and your family 'll keep well."

I waited till Mrs. Acken was down by the gate. Then I put out my hand and said, eagerly:

"You are just the one for *me*. I am so glad you are like that."

She clasped my hand and looked thoughtfully up the road where Mrs. Acken was picking her way.

"Child," she said, wistfully, "how are we going to make them folks like her understand?"

Your Value.

THE value of young lives to the heavenly Father is well shown by Dr. McAdam:

Your value is more emphatically seen in the fact that the great God stops amid the activities of a perfect life and pleads with you. "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"

Just so the diamond hunter cries to the new-found gem, "Ah! I know you. I know what sparkles and flashes of light lie back of your rough exterior. Come with me and I'll make you shine in earth's highest places and with earth's greatest beauty. There are rich settings in crowns and diadems only waiting to exalt your excellence, and I can bring you to and fit you for these places."

Just so the florist cries to the wild plant, "Come with me with your rugged strength, for I know where the soil lies richest, where the waters wait to refresh and bathe your feet, where the sunlight, filtered, strained, tempered, and supplanted, waits to shape and color you. And there I'll set you until a new life shall possess you and the beauty which I know in you to be uncultured shall unfold and develop into color, form, and fragrance until from the wilderness dwarf you shall become the delight of earth's conservatories."

Just so the electrician cries to Niagara, "Come with me, ye mighty untamed waters, doing nothing with your power but to grind down the cliff over which you throw yourselves or beat yourselves into clouds of spray where the rainbows may play; come with me down this channel I show you and I'll transmute your wild fury into a tractable force. Down there are the dark places of earth waiting for the light you can bring them; over here countless pulleys and bands have ceased their merry song waiting for you; there are spindles idle, beside which want and hunger stand, awaiting your coming."

'Tis thus that God, the Infinite Father, sees the vast power and possibilities for good which surge through your young lives; just so he sees the possibility of a woeful waste and cries with more winsomeness, did you but listen, than worldly pleasure or material prosperity, "I know your value, come with me." Great numbers of you have heard this cry and have come, but shall not God have scores instead of six millions of young people? And shall he not have one hundred per cent instead of less than ten per cent of our young men? O, my dear young people! A wondrous age awaits you, a loving God invites you, a mighty Spirit equips you, and may "the golden age" soon crown you.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

"The Greatest Thing in the World."

MR. MOODY was asked on one occasion to address a meeting.

"No," was his response; "you've been hearing me for eight months, and I'm quite exhausted. Here's Drummond; he will give us a Bible reading."

With characteristic reluctance Henry Drummond consented, and taking from his pocket a little Testament he read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and then without a note and in the most informal way, gave that beautiful exposition which has since become so widely known to thousands under the title of "The Greatest Thing in the World." Three years later, when visiting Northfield, at Mr. Moody's special request, the same exposition was repeated, both at the Students' Conference and at the August Conference, and, in response to Mr. Moody's urgent plea, it was later published in its present booklet form. Mr. Moody often said that he wished this address to be read in the Northfield schools every year, and that it would be a good thing to have it read once a month in every church till it was known by heart.

Learning to be Men.

BY OLIVER A. OVERTON.

V.—JUST BEING TRUE.

A BADGE of best manhood is simple loyalty to truth. To be called a true man is to receive highest praise. There is no finer virtue than truthfulness, by which I mean not mere abstinence from falsehood—though truthfulness includes that, of course—but the spirit of utter honesty through all of life's thoughts and actions.

We read a great deal nowadays about success. Just to be true is highest success. If we fail here we fail in everything worth gaining. If we are true in heart and deed, even though we may miss the prizes of gold and place, still we have known real success. Of course the cross-eyed world does not say so. In its view it may be possible for a man to be a success, even though he is a miserable failure in soul. We know, nevertheless, by all tested and worthy standards, that he most completely and utterly fails who fails to be true.

When the boys who to-day are dreaming about the great things they will do when they get to be men have entered the busy, working world, they will be shocked to find that all men are not true, and that in everyday life there is a vast amount of deception and double dealing. Life's constant temptation is to compromise. In unimagined and subtlest ways men are led to give up their strict standards of loyalty to duty, and to accept some supposedly halfway course between right and wrong. The rugged honesty that shuns shams and evasions and seeks the truth, even though this means death, is not as common as it might be. There is a great deal of shiftiness and moral myopia in the world to-day. Too many men are willing to purchase popularity or prosperity at the price of truth.

This is not only wrong, but it is also unmanly. Truthfulness is essential to manliness. A liar, a deceiver, a sneak is despised by men and not loved by God. The true men, those whose sincerity extends from their souls to their outward adorning, are the ones on whom the world leans heavily. The best characters in history have been men royal in their truthfulness.

Big men, brave men, love the truth. *They are not afraid to face the facts* in any case. Without prejudice or fear they seem to know things as they are. The liberators of humanity—such as Jesus, Paul, Tyndale, Luther, Wesley, Garrison, and Lincoln—have all been men of splendid loyalty to truth. They dared to speak and act the truth though they perished for it.

Would you, my bright-eyed, eager-souled boy, be the knightliest, noblest man possible? Then learn how to be true—how to be true in speech; how to be true to convictions; how to be true to duties; how to be true to friends. Heaven and earth crowd to the help of the person who is ever and everywhere loyal to truth.

"God, give us men. A time like this demands
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men whom lust for office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Tall men, sun-crowned men, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

The Red Mother's Mourning.

IN that charming book of Mrs. Miln's, *Little Folk of Many Lands*, is a beautiful description of an Indian mother's mourning for her little one taken by the Great Spirit:

"It is not uncommon to see in Mexico or in Canada a pair of elaborate tiny moccasins above a tiny Indian grave. A mother's fingers have made these moccasins; a mother's hand has hung them there to help a baby's little feet over the long, rough road that stretches between his father's wigwam and 'the Great Chief's Happy Hunting Grounds.' It was within sight of the Yosemite's liquid music that I first saw a squaw with an empty cradle on her back. The Indians believe that a baby's spirit cannot reach the spirit-land until the child, living, would have been old enough and strong enough to walk. Until that time the tender spirit hovers about its mother. And often it grows tired—O, very tired. So the bereaved mother carries papoose's cradle on her back, that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will. The cradle is filled with the softest feathers, for spirits rest most comfortably upon feathers—hard things bruise them; and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did." With what sweet and sorrowful dreams the heart of motherhood strives to solace its bereavement!

PEGGY'S BIRTHDAY BOX.

BY MRS. ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"WELL?"

Aunt Connie looked up from her writing with an expectant smile.

"Well, what is it like, dear?"

"What is what like, auntie?" Peggy asked, with overdone innocence, for her two brown eyes were dancing with delight. She had come straight up to Aunt Constance's "den" from her father's study.

"The—weather. Is it going to rain?" Aunt Connie said, demurely. She had taken up her pen again and was dashing off a page of manuscript apparently. Peggy whirled round three times and brought up close to her.

"I've had my birthday box, Aunt Connie! I've had it! I've had it!"

"O! Well?"

"*Well?* I should say so! It's the best one—I—ever—had, in all—my—life!"

Peggy Dearborn had had fifteen "birthday boxes." She could only remember thirteen.

"It's such a—a *surprise* of a birthday box, too! You could guess from now till the moon goes out without guessing right—unless daddy's told you," she added, suspiciously.

Aunt Connie's face was curiosity itself.

"Big one?" she asked.

"Big as this room!"

"Bless me, the child's head is turned! A birthday box as big as this room!"

"A very little bigger widthways, I think—say a foot or two. O, auntie, *can't* you guess? I'll give you three tries."

Aunt Constance measured the little room thoughtfully. It was very small.

"Automobile—a family one," she guessed. Peggy laughed.

"Number two—"

"A dark room to develop your snap shots in."

"Number three—last chance!"

"O, well, a new pigeon loft for your fantails, then."

"Mistaken woman! Listen! It's a box at Carnegie for the concert, Saturday afternoon! Isn't that a birthday 'box' worth having? All of my own, to do as I please with! I can invite the lord mayor, if I want to, or the Grand Mogul and the Grand Moguless, or I can 'spread' in it all alone, and look at the forlorn upper gallery through mother's glasses."

The great Musical Festival was near at hand. It was held in the great Music Hall. Report would have it that it was to be more beautiful than ever this year, and every available inch of space was engaged for the entire week. Daddy must have planned the "birthday box" a good while beforehand.

"A *whole box*, auntie—to fill up exactly as I choose! Think of going round among the girls and saying, as offhand as you please, 'O, by the way, won't you join me in my box at the concert Saturday afternoon, Barbara? Won't you come too, Beth?—and you?—and you?—and you?' Of course, I shall ask Barbara and Beth and Elinor Dixon, and the Atwater girls, and Miss Ridd for 'dragon.' She'll make a lovely one. Of course, if you and daddy and mother hadn't evening seats I should invite you all. How many will a box hold, auntie?"

Aunt Constance laughed.

"Well, a *birthday* box might hold a dozen if they were packed like sardines! A half dozen would do very comfortably for an everyday, plain box."

"Only half a dozen? Well, I sha'n't count myself anybody—I shall be only so much vanity! Vanity doesn't fill up. O, isn't it splendid, auntie? It was a regular inspiration of daddy's. And it's the 'Oratorio of the Creation' comes on Saturday, auntie—the very magnificentest music of all! They always save the best till last. O! O! O! And the chorus is to be perfectly immense."

"Yes, dear, it will be grand." Aunt Constance smiled benevolently.

"Yes, that's just the word, auntie—'grand.' I must hurry up and fill my birthday box, or the girls will all be spoken for somewhere else. Don't I wish I could do it to-day, though!"

"Why not, then? There's no time like the present."

"But I can't, no more I can't. It's my 'blind afternoon,' auntie—I wish it wasn't! I suppose I can't disappoint those poor little things."

"Never! Run along to them now, dear, and see that you tell them the best story you ever told in your life! You owe them as much as that for being fifteen to-day and having eyes that see."

"Well—maybe," sighed Peggy.

Her seven little blind children were at the asylum, round on Oliver Street, waiting eagerly for her. Once in two weeks she read to them or told them stories for a little while.

"Which shall I do to-day?" she asked, rather absently, her mind still on her birthday gift and the list of girls' names."

"Shall I read it or tell it—which?"

"Tell it," chorused seven voices, decisively. "It's Annie's turn to serjest to-day."

"Well, 'serjest,' Annie."

"Please tell it about somebody who could *see*—like folks, you know. I'd *rather* she'd be a girl, an' see somethn'—O, splendid!" suggested little Annie, shyly. She was the tiniest child, and all the patient wistfulness of a little prisoned soul was in her face. The others were merrier and had round, serene faces for the most part.

"Tell about how she saw—O, *everything!*"

Peggy woke out of her dreaming with a little start. She lifted Annie to her lap gently and began at once.

"Well, once there was a girl who was fifteen years old—just exactly fifteen, you know—and her father gave her the funniest birthday present! It was the loveliest one, too—"

"You didn't say she could *see*, Miss Peggy. She wasn't like us, was she?"

"No—O, no! She could see, Annie. That was why it was such a beautiful birthday box her father gave her—because there was so much seeing to it, besides hearing. O, there was so much music in it!"

"A music box!"

"Music box! Music box!"

"Well, it *was* a kind of music box," laughed Peggy, "but not the kind you mean. There were chairs in it—lots of them—and you sat in them, and there was the music right in your ears and the beautiful ladies all in magnificent dresses, right before your eyes! You just sat there in the middle—I mean the girl did, who was fifteen years old. And she had lots of other girls in the birthday box with her, sitting in the chairs. And there were beautiful lights everywhere and great crowds of people in fine gowns, and on a great stage there was beautiful sacred music being sung by hundreds of voices."

The seven little listening faces were solemn with wonder. Peggy waited while everyone tried to guess. Then she explained it all to them.

"O!" breathed little blind Annie in her lap; "why, that was beautiful, wasn't it? My! S'posin' *we'd* have been sittin' right in those chairs every minute! S'posin' *we'd* have seen every single thing—me an' Janie an' Elspie an' all!"

"Heard everything, you mean, dear," gently corrected Peggy.

"No, *seen* 'em—just s'posin'! My! We'd have made up the lights an' the beautiful dresses an' the curtings an' the magnificent things—I guess we could have made those up as easy as anything! When you're blind you always make up things. *You* shut your eyes an' try to, Miss Peggy." Peggy shut her eyes with a shudder. She could not "make up" any wonderful things. It was only a horror of blackness Peggy "saw." Her eyes flew open again with infinite relief. The pale sunshine, the great bare room, the row of little faces, stood out before her as beautiful things because she could see them. She could see the shaft of light across the floor, the dull gray paper on the wall, the intense, eager little faces round her. She could see!—she was not blind!

She stayed a while longer telling new stories, one after the other. It was five o'clock when she went away. The matron met her in the outer hall.

"PEGGY MARSHALED HER LITTLE TROOP."

"You are so good to come, my dear!" she said, smiling into the girl's face. "If you knew how your children counted on it for days and days—for all the days!"

"They are such dear little things, Mrs. Shaver," Peggy answered; "but they have such queer notions sometimes! To-day I told them about a beautiful concert there was going to be in the city soon, and about a girl who was going to have the great treat of inviting all her friends to it—you know they like me to talk about people who *see* best. Well, do you know, the way those children talked, you'd have thought they would like to go to the oratorio as much as anybody—'like folks,' as Annie says. You wouldn't have thought they were all of them blind!"

"Like to go!" the matron exclaimed. "O, how often I've wished people understood the blind better and would give them the same privileges they enjoy themselves, instead of shutting them out of everything because they *are* blind! Why won't they realize that with the wonderful delicacy of their hearing they can *almost* see. That the merciful Lord makes up to them that way, as much as possible? I tell you, Miss Peggy, they are better to their blind folks across the water where I came from. Over there they send them tickets to the concerts, and if it isn't doing the Lord's work, then I don't know what the Lord's work is. Those who have the blessing of sight can't do too much to comfort them that haven't."

It was a long speech, and the matron's kind face was flushed with the effort. All the way home her words rang in Peggy's ears. It was a new idea to her. It set her to thinking hard.

"Aunt Connie," she said, bursting in upon her abruptly, "did you know blind folks liked to go to things just like other folks—concerts and things?"

"Blind folks, dear?—go to things?" repeated Aunt Connie, thoughtfully; "Well, why not? Think of staying at home always, Peggy—in the dark! I never thought of it before, I'm ashamed to say, but now—well, it seems to me if I were blind, dear, I'd like to sit in your birthday box with you and *listen*, anyway. Perhaps I could makeup some of the things you were looking at—who knows?"

"Yes, you could make them up. That is what Annie says blind folks do," mused Peggy. Then, with sudden animation, "Auntie, I've filled my birthday box!"

And Aunt Constance understood. She did not need to ask, and Peggy did not explain.

When the anticipated Saturday afternoon came Peggy marshaled her little troop into her birthday box. The seven little sightless faces were radiant with excited joy, and it was wonderful to see them, as the time went on! Peggy watched them in wonder. They were "making up" the lights and the colors and the beautiful costumes that went with the music. Now and then they nodded and whispered to each other, excitedly. Peggy caught their words sometimes.

"Har! She's lookin' right at us now!" Annie whispered.

"Yes, O yes, an' there's shiny colors all over her, an' she's got a beautiful face like Miss Peggy's. Can't you see how it shines at us an' smiles, Annie?"

"My, yes! I didn't know anybody *could* look so splendid!"

The kind-faced matron was right—it was the Lord's work.

Plucky, though Plucked.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* relates a striking incident in the life of Nassau William Senior, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University.

When examined for his bachelor's degree he was "plucked." He failed in divinity, which, as it was then the first subject on which the aspirant was examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general acquisition, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, the young man determined to try again, and meanwhile looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Richard Whately, afterward Archbishop of Dublin, and expressed a wish to be received by him as his pupil. Whately scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but coolly answered:

"You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honors."

"I mean to aspire at honors."

"You do, do you?" was the rejoinder. "May I ask what class you intend to take?"

"A first class," said Senior, coolly.

Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired the plucky youth to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard—went up into the schools in March—and came out with the highest honors.

Who does not admire the pluck which this incident exemplifies. History abounds with illustrations showing that it is this bulldog tenacity that wins life's battles, whether fought in the field, the mart, the Senate, or the forum. It was the bold onset made by a few resolute men against troops that had maintained successfully a hard day's combat that turned the scale, at last, at Lutzen in favor of the Swedes and broke the charm of Wallenstein's invincibility.

It was the pluck of Isaac Newton that led him, when he stood at school at the bottom of the lowermost form but one, to thrash the boy above him who had kicked him, and then to determine to vanquish him as a scholar, which he also did, rising to the top of his class. It was this quality that was preeminent in Liebig in his youth—the "booby" of his school, who, when sneeringly asked one day by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so poor a scholar, answered that he would be a chemist, a reply which provoked a laugh of derision from the whole school. Yet he lived to become one of the most eminent chemists of modern Europe.

Who can think without a thrill of admiration of that glover's apprentice in Glasgow, Scotland, who battled with almost incredible earnestness and persistence against the obstacles that confronted him in the acquisition of knowledge? Living with a relative, an old woman who was too poor to afford him a candle or even a bright firelight, he read books in the street by the light of a shop window and, when

the shop was closed, climbed a lamp-post, and, clinging to it with one hand, held his book in the other, and thus mastered its contents. Who can wonder that he became one of his country's eminent scholars?—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Hero Tales from Methodist History.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

XXI.—LOVICK PIERCE ON THE BIG PEDEE.

THE way the early Methodist circuit riders turned the world upside down is illustrated in a graphic way in the description which is given of the conversion of the family of which Lovick Pierce was a member. In 1799 an itinerant named James Jenkins came through South Carolina and began meetings in the neighborhood where the Pierce family lived. A preaching place was arranged at the house of Lovick's uncle. Up to this time the boy, though he could handle a rifle like a man, and track a deer equal to an Indian, had never heard a prayer. His father was dead set against the Methodists, and for a long time would not permit any of his family to go near the meetings, which were now held every month by the circuit rider on his rounds. But finally Lovick and his brother, who were consumed with curiosity to hear the strange preacher, having much the same feeling that country boys have now about a circus, secured a reluctant permission to attend one of the services. The boys were so delighted with the novel experience of the meetings, and had so much to say about the preacher, that the next time he came around the father and mother also attended. To the wonder of the whole community both the parents were converted at the very first service they attended, and joined the class that day. The old man went right to work at his religion, and had some original ideas about it. He called the family all in the first evening for prayers, and notified them every one that they would have to take it in turn, from oldest to youngest, in leading the daily devotions. For the first time since they had been a family the old log cabin rang out with the singing of the old Methodist hymns. Lovick and his brother joined the class the next time the preacher came on his round, and Lovick was made a class leader while yet early in his teens and appointed to lead a class eleven miles from his father's cabin. When he reached the place he was benumbed by surprise to see the woods full of horses, indicating that a large crowd had gathered together for the meeting, and on inquiring what had brought the crowd the blood was sent surging hot through his veins as he was told that they had come together to hear "a man named Pierce" preach. He was a very shy, bashful lad, and did not know what on earth he was to do. He "took to the woods," not to run away from duty but to be alone and talk with God. He got down behind a moss-covered log and cried and prayed until he felt comforted and got courage to go back and bear his testimony to the Christ that had brought light into his heart and home. He must have got along all right, for he continued to lead the class for several years, and in this theological school of the backwoods he became an eloquent and powerful preacher.

In 1804 Lovick Pierce joined the Conference, or, as it was called in those days, was "admitted into the traveling connection" and appointed to the Big Pedee Circuit. It was an old-fashioned Southern circuit. There were thirty preaching places, it was three hundred miles around, and abounded in swamps where it took the skill of an Indian to pick one's way safely through them, and in creeks and rivers innocent of bridges or ferries, where the only way across was often to swim for it.

It was while Pierce was on the Big Pedee that, on stopping to stay all night at the home of one of the members of his circuit, he observed that there was a great stir in the kitchen department. Boiling, roasting, baking, and such like seemed in full blast, but nothing was said to him as to what it signified, though he had been invited to spend a few days in rest at the hospitable cabin. At length the day arrived, and he was told that one of the girls of the household was to be married. About the middle of the forenoon the guests came thronging out of the woods, all of them on horseback, and each horse heavily laden with its human freight. Usually only one man and one woman occupied a horse's back, but it often happened that two or three children would be added, with a baby on the mother's lap and a hopeful youth astride the horse's mane in front of his father.

The hour for the wedding was set at noon, the ceremony to be followed by a great feast. But when the hour arrived there was no parson. This being Lovick Pierce's first year in the ministry, he had not been ordained, and so another minister had been engaged but had not arrived on time. Some said the waters were up, and the parson could not get across. Pierce was then besieged to do the service, but he was firm in his refusal. "If you won't marry, then," said the uncle of the bride, "you must preach." So he preached them a sermon, and after that came the dinner. Still the parson was looked for in vain, though messengers on swift horses had been sent to hurry him up. Again young Pierce was urged to tie the knot, for the guests were not willing to go away without a wedding, and the bride and groom were becoming very uncomfortable at the fiasco of their plans. The young man declined, however, and another sermon was the result. Supper came, and a third sermon had just been delivered by the young circuit rider when a shout from the boys outside brought in a preacher, so drunk he could hardly get off his horse, a thing not uncommon in those days. And so at ten o'clock in the evening, having heard three sermons in the meantime, the wedding was brought to its conclusion.

Perhaps no minister of the Methodist Church in the South enjoyed a career which for so long a time held the admiration and honor of his contemporaries as Lovick Pierce. He was for a great many years the oldest effective Southern Methodist preacher.

The Ragpicker and the Mayor.

"IF a man goes to the Master," said the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, in a recent address, "whatever his condition, high or low, cultured and refined and scholarly, or ignorant and debased and vile—if he goes to Christ, Christ will fill him.

"Shall I tell where and how the Lord taught me that lesson in my own work?" he went on. "I confess that there was a time in my evangelistic work when I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man who was down in the slums, but I was always a wee bit afraid if a man of position or culture came into the inquiry room. The Lord gave me a most wonderful illustration of the absurdity of my fear.

"I was conducting special meetings in a town in the English Midlands, which shall be nameless, and there came into the inquiry room a ragpicker—a great, gaunt old man who had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan, an awful character, but God had shown him his heart hunger and had revealed the Christ to him, and the man knelt there in our inquiry room, and I knelt by him, and I felt quite at home as I spoke to that man of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. I felt that it was just what he wanted.

"Presently somebody touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Here, will you not speak to this man?'

"I looked round, and there, kneeling next to me, was the mayor of the city, a man about as old as the ragpicker, but one who bore all the marks of culture and refinement, a man of position. I happened to know that six weeks before the mayor had sentenced the ragpicker to a month's hard labor, from which he had got out a fortnight ago. There they were, side by side, and I had to turn from the ragpicker and talk to the mayor.

"Presently the light that had broken in upon the first man broke in upon the second, and I found that the blood which was needed in the first case was needed in the second, and I found that the life that was sufficient for the first was sufficient for the second. Christ filled them both. The most blessed part of it is, though it really isn't a part of this address, that when one man got up he went over to the other man, and he said, 'Well, we didn't meet here last time.'

"It was the mayor who had said it, and the old ragpicker looked up. He had no idea who was there, and he said, 'No, we will never meet again like we did the last time, praise God!'"—*Exchange.*

IT must constantly be borne in mind that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as a development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action. Courage, discipline, and loftiness of purpose are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government.—*President Hadley, in August Atlantic.*

October.

LIKE Joseph among the twelve, thy colored coat
The partial love tells of the patriarch year!
What gorgeous palettes on the woods appear!
As if unnumbered rainbows were afloat
To tint one zone of this terrestrial sphere.
Sumach and maple, linden, poplar, beech,
And creeping vines parade their rich attire,
Some tipped with gold, some robed in matchless fire,
A unique cowl and surplice crowning each.
Now when the crisp, cool nights have turned the corn,
And the plump orchards show their burdened trees
Burning like those of the Hesperides,
Life's dreams seem to their full fruition born,
And we, high-hearted, feel no more forlorn.
—*Joel Benton, in the Outlook.*

Books Which Did Things.

EVERY generation largely makes its own literature. Books, like individuals, have a limited term of life. Many die in the very birth, to the grief of authors and the financial loss of publishers. Others live two or three years, only a few survive a decade. A very few live as a permanent part of the world's literature. These form what are known as classics, and a classic has been defined as a book that everybody admires and few read.

The dust that lies upon the leaves of the books in the great libraries of the world is as eloquent as the dust that covers the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. We need feel less regret for this buried literature when we remember that the great mass of it would be of little value to anybody but the antiquarian, and that all the truth and all the thought that it contains have been reproduced in other forms. A very great scholar has estimated that if it had only been uttered once twelve moderate-sized volumes would contain all the real thought of the world.

It is very likely that if some of the world's great classics were now published for the first time they would fail to attain any great fame. As Goldsmith has well said, these early writers had the advantage in this, they had the "first rifling of nature" for similes and metaphors.

A very few books have turned the current of the world's life, have made an epoch in the history of thought. Bacon's *Novum Organum* was one of these. This great work changed the whole course of scientific study, overthrew the scholastic logic of Aristotle, and led men to reason from cause to effect, rather than from effect to cause.

Cervantes's *Don Quixote* gave the final blow to the decaying system of chivalry, and so deserves a place among the epoch-making books. "In this work Cervantes hit the vulnerable point of his age. The common sense of the world had long rebelled against the mummeries of knight errantry, and the foolish books that still spoke of chivalry of which not a vestige remained. People who had smiled when the absurdity presented itself to their minds burst out in laughter when Cervantes gave it the finishing stroke."

The book in which Harvey announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, and a copy of which is preserved in the celebrated Astor Library, changed the whole system of physiology and marked a new era in medical knowledge.

Newton's *Principia*, in which that great philosopher gave to the world the true theory of the solar system and unveiled the law of gravitation, is one of the world's epoch-making books.

Another book of very different character, but of far-reaching influence, is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. But little read now, it produced a marked sensation when first published, and did more than any one thing to open the moral vision of the world to the blighting effects of slavery. It had a great run in its day, and shook the entire country. A similar effort has been made to further other reforms, as temperance, humanity to animals, and arbitration as a substitute for war, but none have met with any very marked success.

It is given to very few by any single book to lift the world out of some old rut and send it spinning forever down the ringing grooves of "change."

Dick's Chum.

A NEWSBOY sat on the curbstone, crying, when a pedestrian halted, and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny—lost something?"

"Naw, I ain't. O, O, me chum's dead!"

"O, that's too bad! How did he die?"

"Runned over!"

"So! Was there an inquest?"

"Inques' nothin'. He just hollered once't, and rolled over dead; and I wish't I was dead, too, along of him."

"Cheer up; you can find another chum."

"You wouldn't talk that way if you knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothin' Dick wouldn't 'a' done for me, and now he's d-d-dead and buried. I'm a wishin' I was, too."

"Look here," said the man; "go and sell your papers, and take some poor little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you, and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister; where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me and be cold, and hungry, and outen doors, and sleep on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bit till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right, if he was such a faithful friend and a good boy."

"Boy! Dick a boy! Dick warn't only a ragged, good-for-nothin' human boy, mister. Dick were a dog."—*Exchange.*

The League Temperance Committee.

1. *A Bible Search.*—Divide the books of the Bible among the members, asking each to bring to the meeting some account of what his book has to say about temperance.

2. *A Newspaper Meeting.*—Ask each member to come to the meeting with some temperance item gleaned from the newspapers, some bit of news that will serve as a warning against strong drink, or as an encouragement to temperance workers.

3. *A Biographical Meeting.*—Choose some hero or heroine of the temperance reform, and devote an evening to the life, getting the members to give anecdotes, quotations, and the like. Or you may group these characters, treating, for instance, such a theme as "Women that have promoted temperance."

4. *An Organization Meeting.*—Give a bird's-eye view of all the prominent temperance organizations, assigning each to some member, with full instructions.

5. *A Statistics Meeting.*—Give some temperance fact or figure to each member, and ask him to present it to the society in the best way he can, illustrating it by a diagram, if he will, or in any other way. In any event he will read it at the meeting.

6. *A Quotation Meeting.*—Give each member a temperance quotation, or ask him to get one for himself, and then read it at the meeting, adding some comment if he will.—*Amos R. Wells.*

A Little of Everything.

A "LANDMARK HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY" has been published. It is intended to guide the visitor to historic buildings and localities connected with the Dutch settlement, the English town, and the American city. It will be a great help to the historical pilgrim.

"OLD HOME WEEK" is popular in New England. Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, proposed it last year, and this year Maine and parts of Vermont have taken it up. The idea is to observe one week in each summer in which natives of New England shall come back to their birthplaces. Some of these reunions have been very successful.

NOT only Boston, his birthplace, and Philadelphia, the scene of his lifework, claim Benjamin Franklin, but now comes a Canadian authority to tell us that the first printing press in Montreal was set up by the same indefatigable printer, in 1775, in order to print manifestoes urging the Canadians to join the other English colonists in their revolt.

A RETIRED missionary gives details of a most remarkable collection taken at a communion service in Central Africa. The collection comprised 18*s.* 0¾*d.* in coins, 67 fowls, 2 goats, 2 sheep, 97 pounds of flour, 34 pounds of potatoes, 105 pounds of beans, 223 pounds of maize, 63 pounds of pumpkins, 14 earthenware pots, 1 mat, 16 baskets, 11 knives, and 3½ pounds of beads.

THE story goes that a fashionable woman, who wore high-heeled shoes, asked a famous artist how she could acquire a graceful carriage. "Take off your high-heeled shoes," he answered, "place them on the top of your head; when you can walk with those shoes perfectly balanced you will have the gait of a goddess, and for the first time since French-heeled shoes were invented, they will really have served to help, and not to disfigure, a woman."

The Sunday School.

Lesson II.—October 14.

PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.—Luke 14. 15-24.

GOLDEN TEXT,—*Come; for all things are now ready.*—Luke 14. 17.

HOME READINGS.

Mon. Parable of the Great Supper. Luke 14. 15-24.
Tu. Wisdom's call. Prov. 9. 1-10.
Wed. Invitation despised. Matt. 22. 1-10.
Th. Refusing to hearken. Zech. 7. 8-14.
Fri. Refusers rejected. Isa. 65. 1-12.
Sat. Supper of the Lamb. Rev. 19. 4-9.
Sun. Free invitation. Rev. 22. 8-17.

THE men who stand before us in the parable giving their excuses for not coming to the feast to which they had been invited represent several different characteristics of our nature. The first one shows us

DELIGHT IN A NEW POSSESSION.

We have all seen a child with a new toy or game. The toy is never out of their hands, they are thoroughly engrossed with it. If the toy be a whistle the house resounds with its piercing tones from morning to night. Men are but children of an older growth, and they are thoroughly engaged by some new and often worthless occupation. This man the Saviour speaks of is going to view his recently acquired possession that he may glory in it. He is like Nebuchadnezzar, who, as he walked in his palace, exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" The Saviour does not hint that it is wrong to hold our possessions with pleasure, but that it is wrong to be so proud of them, to take such vain pride in them, as to break our obligations and relations to God. We must ever preserve the proper order and seek first the kingdom of God, knowing that there all necessary things shall be granted to us.

The man who had bought the yoke of oxen stands for those who have a

GREAT DESIRE TO GET.

The oxen have been bought, but not for a single day can he put off the desire to prove his property, to see what he has got, and on this ground he seeks to avoid the invitation, saying, "I pray thee have me excused." If the first one presented pride as the hindrance, this one presents business. How busy we are!—so busy, in fact, that we have not time for our friends to see us or for the Lord to lead us in to his richly laden table. One day a deacon said to the minister of his church in a boasting way, "Do you know, I'm so busy that I don't see my children: I haven't seen them awake for several months. Business is growing at such a rate that I am up and off in the morning before they are awake, and I do not get home at night until they are in bed, and on Sunday I am down at the church all day and I hardly see them then." What do you think the minister said to the man? He replied something like this: "My dear brother, for your sake and for your children's, drop something in your business and look after your children. It is an infinitely better investment to give your time to them and to keep your hand on them than anything else you can do." There is many a one who is letting study, pleasure, business, any one of a dozen things, keep them away from the Lord.

The next man offers as his excuse that he has a feast of his own. He has married a wife, and desires to be excused on that account. According to the old law of Moses a bridegroom was excused from going to a feast. He is so confident that this will be reckoned as sufficient that he does not politely ask to be excused, but boldly, even impudently, answers, "I cannot come."

Well and beautifully does an old writer remark that there is another buying of a field (Matt. 13. 44), another setting of the hand to the plow (Luke 9. 62), the participation in another wedding (2 Cor. 11. 2), which would not have hindered the accepting of this invitation, since they one and all have been identical with it.

THE Bible contains two fables. The first, of which Jotham, the youngest son of Zerubbaal, is the author, is that of the trees choosing their king (Judg. 9. 8-15), and is said by Dr. Adam Clarke to be "the oldest, and without exception the best, fable or apologue in the world." The second, the author of which is Jehoash, one of the kings of Israel, is that of the cedar and the thistle of Lebanon (2 Kings 14. 9).

The Epworth League.

Thoughts on the Prayer Meeting Topic.

OCTOBER 14.—*Paul the Missionary: the Secret of his Success.*—2 Tim. 4. 1-8.

(Quarterly Missionary Meeting.)

WE cannot read the book of The Acts without feeling a glow of enthusiasm for the heroic missionary, St. Paul. We see in him a man so filled with the love of Christ, so inspired with zeal for preaching Christ, that not all the perils of persecution, of imprisonment, of death itself, had any terror for him. In his letter to the Corinthians he writes: "Five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfuless, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." What a list of sufferings! And yet we hear the man who endured all this calling joyfully from his prison in Rome, where he is chained fast to a Roman soldier: "I rejoice in the Lord greatly. . . . I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me!" And at the close of his heroic life he writes in his last letter: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness!" Who would think that the man who writes this triumphant message is just now facing a martyr's death? But there is not a syllable of fear, not a note of alarm; only the joyful assurance, "The Lord . . . will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory forever and ever."

When we think of this man, the greatest of the apostles; when we remember the wonderful work that he did for Christ; when we marvel over his influence for good that is still reaching on through the centuries, we exclaim, Surely the life of this man was a grandly successful one! And we ask, What was the cause of his success? We find an answer in our reference verses, where Paul, probably in the Mamertine prison, is giving from his own rich experience his last charge to the young Timothy. He writes: "I charge thee, . . . Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. . . . Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." These have been the principles of Paul's missionary life. His ruling incentives have been love to Christ, consecration to his Master. And this deep consecration has been the secret of the success of all who have tried to work for Jesus, in all time. And it is the secret of Christ's workers to-day, who either in far-off lands are carrying the message, amid danger and persecution, or in the home land are telling "the old, old story." Success may not always seem to come at first; but they believe the promises of God, and are toiling on, knowing that, sooner or later, the King shall reign.

Are we missionary workers, we to whom has come so much of the Gospel's light? For every Christian is bound to be a missionary, in the true sense of the word. My friend, if you cannot go abroad with the message, you can help to send the messengers; you can carry the good news of Jesus to some one near you. Are you trying to follow St. Paul's rules? Are you "instant in season, out of season," in the Master's work; full of long-suffering, willing even to endure real sacrifice for Jesus' sake. Let us pray that into our lives may come something of St. Paul's consecration to the Master, that so our efforts may be crowned with something of St. Paul's success.

Leader's Notes on Junior League Topics.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.—"WHAT WE CAN DO FOR JESUS."

OCTOBER 14.—*Be his Messengers.*—John 17. 18; Prov. 25. 13.

"MESSENGER BOY WANTED." Have you ever seen these words on a card in an office window? (Hold up large card containing advertisement as given above.) Have you ever seen a boy with a dark blue uniform trimmed with red, and with a yellow envelope in his hand as he rings the door bell? What kind of a messenger is he?

If you should visit your State Senate or Legislature you would see bright-looking boys moving quickly and quietly about carrying messages, and these boys sometimes receive as much as five hundred dollars for their services for a single session of a few months. Any boy would be pleased to obtain such a good position as that. In some of our large stores we hear a constant cry of "Boy! Boy! Cash! Cash!" Boys and girls answer these calls, and are sent flying about the store on important errands.

If boys and girls are needed to help carry on the business of the world we may be sure they are needed to carry on the Lord's business in the earth.

The sign "Messengers Wanted" is always hung out to attract the attention of the passers-by. Let us step in and inquire about the work required, and the pay promised, before we sign our names to the register of those applying for work.

We will ask the following questions, and we will appoint Ethel B. as a special clerk to sit at the desk and answer questions. (Invite one of the Juniors to come forward and sit at the desk, prepared to give Bible answers to the various questions. These questions have been written on slips of paper and given out to a number of Juniors who come forward in turn and read the questions, waiting until the Bible answers have been read:)

1. Who needs messengers? John 20. 21.
2. What is the message? 1 Tim. 1. 15.
3. Where is the message to be carried? Mark 16. 15.
4. Is there need for haste? Eccles. 9. 10.
5. What kind of messengers are wanted? 1 Cor. 4. 2.
6. What pay is promised? Luke 18. 29, 30.
7. What did a faithful messenger say when he had delivered his message? 2 Tim. 4. 7.
8. What brave messenger lost his life on account of his faithfulness? Mark 6. 18, 27.
9. How does the world treat God's messengers? Matt. 21. 35.
10. How did it treat God's Son? Matt. 21. 38, 39.

We find by the answers that our clerk at the desk has given us that there is danger connected with the office of God's messenger. Does that make us draw back and refuse to accept the position offered us? The bank messenger is liable to be robbed and killed in the performance of his duty; the bearer of important messages may be imprisoned or put to death, but only a coward would refuse to go if sent. So if Jesus needs us let us resolve to be ready to answer when he calls, "Here am I, send me."

How many have ever heard of the Student Volunteer Movement in missions? Those of you who have know that there are thousands of young men and women from our schools and colleges who are ready and willing to go to foreign fields as missionaries when the need arises and the money is given to send them. We can help to send these messengers by our gifts of money.

Let us have a penny exercise, and see how many things relating to missions and missionaries we can find on a copper cent. (All have been previously invited to bring pennies to use in this exercise, and then give in the missionary collection.)

First, who can find a messenger on the penny? Yes, a messenger is one sent (one cent). If a messenger is one sent, is it not equally true that one cent is a messenger, if we give it to be used for Jesus? Next, who can find a foreign fruit on the penny? Date is right. Now, a heathen place of worship? Temple is right. The color of many natives of heathen lands? Copper. A Chinese word? Chin. Weapons used by savage nations? Darts. A savage head dress? Feathers. Neck ornaments of savage tribes? Beads. What the Gospel brings to those in bondage? Liberty. What some missionaries have forfeited for Christ? A head. What the Chinese think is used by missionaries to make medicine of? Eye. What the Chinese wear in a queue? Hair. A student in a missionary school? Pupil. What God's messengers must use in telling the message? Lips. What the listeners to the message must use? Ear. What protection God's messenger carries? Shield. What reward the faithful messenger will receive? Crown. In what spirit should all Christian missionaries live and work together? United. How can you tell when an idol worshiper becomes a Christian? Face. What country sends many missionaries to foreign countries? America.

Now that we have found twenty suggestive things on our pennies relating to missionary work, I am sure we shall all be glad to give our pennies for missions.

"The Quality of Mercy."

IT was twilight; overhead a leaden sky arched, unbroken save by a rim of light just above the horizon, across which a band of pure, bright rose color gave promise of a sunshiny day to follow. To the shabbily clad old woman standing on the wharf no bright ray illumined the dull grayness of the coming to-morrows. Grandma Morse was looking out into a vista of colorless, leaden days.

It is hard to find the glimpse of light in the future when one has just been turned out of a home, with nowhere to go.

A hand touched her shoulder, and Grandma Morse found herself face to face with a big blue-coated policeman. "Hadn't you better go home now, grandma?"

"But I haven't any home to go to," poor grandma faltered; "I haven't anywhere in the wide world to go."

The officer looked perplexed. "I suppose," he said, slowly, "that you'll have to go with me to the station house. We'll make it as pleasant for you as we can, grandma, and you'll be better off there than here." And as the last rose tints faded from the western sky the old lady turned and followed the officer.

The matron was very kind, and made everything as comfortable as she could; but Grandma Morse, charged with vagrancy, was overcome with shame.

Outside, the clouds were breaking away, and one by one the bright stars twinkled out. The clearest and largest of them all peeped straight into the tiny window, and sent a ray of white light over to the cot where the lonely, gray-haired woman lay struggling with her sorrow. At last, looking up, the dim eyes perceived the radiance of the cheerful, persevering star, and a gleam of hope pierced her own gloom and cheered the saddened heart. She thought of another cot, humbler than her own, over which a bright star had once rested, and into her consciousness floated like a benediction the words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end." Comforted and quieted, she sank into a peaceful sleep.

It was morning when she awoke, and the sun was shining brightly. Wondering at her strange surroundings, she arose and slowly dressed herself. Alone, in a station house, with the terrifying prospect of a summons to appear before an unknown judge, the peace of the preceding night still remained with her; and it was with a song in her heart that Grandma Morse entered the court room and took her place before the bar of justice.

The judge, a benevolent-looking man, looked keenly over the tops of his gold-bowed glasses as the old lady told her pitiful story in her simple, straightforward way—husband and children all gone before her, poverty, and final loss of home. That was all, but there were tears in many eyes when the tale was told.

"Can you take care of children, grandma?" the judge asked, suddenly.

"Indeed I can, sir," was the eager reply, "and love them too."

"Then," said the judge, slowly, "I have a home for you, with a dollar and a half a week besides. My little people are still mourning the loss of their own grandmother."

There was a flutter of surprise, even among those who knew Judge Rice best; but grandma herself was calm and happy.

"Alway, even unto the end," sang the chorus in her heart, and a gentle smile illumined the dear old face as she thanked the kind-hearted judge and quietly resumed her seat.

It was an arrangement never regretted by either, and Grandma Morse, adopted by her loving little charges into the place made vacant by the other grandmother, accepted with unquestioning trust and faith the home and care which did, indeed, endure to the end.

And so it came to pass that the rose color crept into the twilight of Grandma Morse's gray afternoon, and the promise came true, "At evening time it shall be light."—*Alice Miller Weeks, in Young People.*

THE VILLAGE OF ALTDORF, WHERE WILLIAM TELL WAS BORN. [See page 315.]

An Island Bill of Fare.

THE table manners of the people of the South Sea Islands are unique—their tables, however, being only the earth floor of their huts. Anyone passing at meal time is hailed with an invitation to stop and eat; but if the invitation is accepted by a person who is not welcome, the best of the food will be hid away ere he reaches the door. A South Sea Islander would no more place unpeeled oranges before a guest than would an American serve fish in the scales; but the islanders do serve fish with the heads on, and expect the heads to be eaten. It is regarded as a compliment to one's host to make much noise in eating, as that is supposed to indicate relish of the food.

Such would be even less comprehensible to the uninitiated than are the *menus* of our own city hotels; and most of the viands served would be unrecognizable to our fellow-countrymen. Among the more familiar articles are bananas, of which a score or more varieties grow here. Some are baked in the peels; others are baked without the peels; some are boiled; others are made into puddings and divers compounds; some are cooked while green; others are eaten uncooked. The wild mountain banana, or plantain, is a staple article of food here. It is not edible, however, unless cooked; nor would you think it edible then. When ripe, both its appearance and flavor are strongly suggestive of laundry soap. Another common article of diet for the islanders is arrowroot; but it is better suited for use as laundry starch. Taro root also is one of the staples of a South Sea Island larder; and though it is about the consistency of India rubber, the flavor is not objectionable. Luscious pineapples are grown on some of these islands; but the wild variety is small and intensely sour. A variety of oranges found here is very bitter, though fine in appearance. Others of superior quality also grow here. For other fruits of these regions an appetite may be acquired, though they are not generally liked by persons unaccustomed to them. The wild mangoes have a flavor akin to turpentine but when cultivated they lose this objectionable feature. Mummy apples are usually contemned when first sampled, but in time they are accepted by some as a fair substitute for muskmelons. Alligator pears have a similar record of disfavor and favor, and they are sometimes used by white residents in lieu of butter. Custard apples, rose apples, barbadines—these are eaten with varying degrees of relish, but none of them compete with the products of our American orchards.

On the more barren islands little grows except cocoanuts, and there the people subsist chiefly on fish, crabs, mollusks, etc. Where breadfruit thrives it constitutes in many places almost the entire diet. Mistaken ideas in reference to the value of this food prevail in our own and other countries; for, though breadfruit is fairly nutritious, it is not exceptionally so, nor is it as palatable as our common vegetables. Three crops of breadfruit are produced each year where the climate is most favorable, but in the cooler portions of the tropics the trees do not bear well. When the yield is large a portion of the ripe fruit is packed in pits, and there left to ferment, for use in a season of scarcity; and when taken out it is a most foul-smelling mass. Of its flavor I am not prepared to testify, for the stuff is literally unapproachable.

Early missionaries on these islands suffered much from lack of accustomed foods. A strange circumstance is the fact that when, after long deprivation, they finally received from England some much-desired beef, some of the missionaries found that they had unconsciously lost their taste for it, though they had greatly craved it.

The ingress of white people has wrought marked changes in the fare of the islanders, new products having been cultivated and new foods imported. Bread is much coveted by the natives, and a musty old sea biscuit quite eclipses, in their opinion, the most luscious fruit. Bakers do a brisk business on many of these islands. Cattle have been imported to most of the groups, and hogs are numerous. Even peacocks are cooked as rare dainties.

The manner of serving food has changed to some extent, tables and dishes having come into limited use; but generally leaves still suffice as dishes and table linen, fingers as knives, forks, and spoons, and the ground as table and chairs. The manner of cooking remains unchanged, stones previously heated in a camp fire being used to bake food laid upon them and to heat water in wooden troughs, into which they are *dropped.—Mrs. A. D. Wellman, in Epworth Era.*

Tommy Atkins.

WE all know this is the pet name of the British soldiers, and the reason generally given for this nickname is that in some government book for soldiers there was a sort of model bill of costs, to show how accounts should be sent in, and on it the government was supposed to owe a certain "Thomas Atkins" so much money. By degrees the name got to mean what it now does, and is often affectionately shortenend into "Tommy."

But the Rev. E. T. Hardy tells us of another reason for this name, and it is a far prettier reason.

In the year of the Indian Mutiny (1857), when the rebellion broke out in Lucknow, all the Europeans fled to the large house called the Residency.

On their way they met a private soldier, who was "on sentry go."

"Come with us," they said, "the Sepoys are close behind us."

"I must not leave my post," said the brave sentry; and he stuck to his post, and was murdered shortly afterward.

His name was Thomas Atkins, and afterward, throughout the Mutiny, whenever a daring deed was done by any soldier, his comrades would say:

"He is a regular Thomas Atkins."

And thus the name of the brave fellow is perpetuated in the British army.

A Wise Irishman.

A POOR Irishman came to his priest and asked permission to read the Bible.

"But the Bible is for the priests, and not for the people," said the priest.

"Is that so?" he answered. "But I have read in the Bible, 'Thou shalt teach it to thy children,' and priests have no children."

"But, Michael," said the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It was not written for people like you."

"Ah, your reverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I understand of it does me a great deal of good."

"Listen, Michael," said the priest; "you must go to church, and the Church will instruct you; the Church will give you the pure milk of God's word."

"But where does the Church get this if not out of the Bible? Ah, your reverence, pardon me, but I would rather have the cow myself."—*Selected.*

Nasamonian Clubs.

IN an article in the *Youth's Companion* in which he points out the opportunities for young explorers in the still unmapped regions of the planet, Sir Clements Markham suggests the organization of Nasamonian clubs. He says:

"When the world was young, there was an endless field for exploration, as strange countries and peoples lay in every direction. Then the thrill of delight which comes of first seeing unheard-of landscapes and people could easily be attained. One envies the joy those young Nasamonians, of whom the Father of History tells us—Herodotus heard their story from some Greeks of Cyrene, whose authority was the King of the Oasis of Ammon:

"The five gallant youths were sons of the chief people among the Nasamonian tribe, which dwelt on the shore of the Greater Syrtis, a gulf of the Mediterranean. To the south of their home was the trackless desert, and the young men longed to cross it, and learn what countries and peoples were on the other side. The young explorers must have made intelligent preparations, for they successfully traversed the desert, came to the fertile country and the towns of the Negroes, saw the great river Niger and its crocodiles, and returned home in safety. They were the first of a long and glorious roll of explorers who have prepared for their work with care, performed it with resolution, and been rewarded by success and a happy return.

"The race of Nasamonians will, I trust, never be extinct. It is certainly in full vigor now. Stupendous as is the work of discovery achieved since the days of Herodotus, much remains to be done, and youths abound, of various nationalities, who are as zealous as the young dwellers by the Greater Syrtis.

"I should like to see Nasamonian clubs established in all the countries which produce scientifically trained travelers, and they might all be affiliated with each other.

"All youthful Nasamonians are gifted with the geographical instinct. Those between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five might register their names and ages, their qualifications, their aspirations and their projects. The young geographer might receive from his Nasamonian club advice, information, assistance and instructions for qualifying himself as an explorer.

"The clubs themselves might interchange the same kind of advice and help, and maintain close affiliation, so that young geographers would form a world-wide guild or brotherhood, and the wishes and qualifications of each would be made known to all.

"Thus organizers of expeditions would be informed of the right men to enlist for their arduous undertakings."

"The Compleat Schoolmaster."

SOME one has found an English schoolbook, *The Compleat Schoolmaster*, which was in use when the Pilgrim fathers and mothers were little boys and girls. If this is a fair specimen of what they had to study no wonder the *Mayflower* carried so many passengers to Plymouth:

This *Compleat Schoolmaster* is a nightmare in two parts, either of them calculated to drive the learner crazy. In the first, he was forced to struggle in moral combat with such words as spleyngth, sprawygld, and squewagls, which are not Welsh, however much they may look like it. In the second, he proceeded from comparatively simple sentences, as "Beg the big buffle bag and let it ly on the bog," to such complicated efforts as "He was dribl'd and drabl'd 'cause he grubl'd where they brabl'd," or, "Now he wabls 'cause he was hackl'd with kibls and cobls."

There are four-and-twenty pages of this stuff, which is all the more aggravating because one feels an intense and unreasoning desire to get to the meaning of it. Why did he, whoever he was, go and grubl where they had a fancy to brabl, and what came of it at last? Also are those mysterious kibls and cobls chilblains, or are they pebbles?

"He Will Run to Intellek."

A NEW ENGLAND school-teacher received the following note of caution from the anxious mother of one of her pupils: "Dear Miss, plese do not push Johnny too hard for so much of his branes is intellek that he ought to be held back a good deal or he will run to intellek entirely an' I do not dezire this. So pleze hold him back so as to keep his intellek from getting bigger than his boddy an' injooring him for life."

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